111 4 more cigarettes 24 for 15¢ THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.

For County Treasurer

To the voters of Appomattox County:

I take this method to announce my candidacy to succeed myself for the office of county Treasurer.

I wish to thank the people of the County for their loyal support in the past, and assure them that I have endeavored to the best of my ability to prove worthy of their confidence bestowed in me.

If re-elected I shall continue to give to the people the same prompt and efficient service which I have endeavored to render in the past.

I am a Democrat and submit my claims to the Democratic Primary.

R. F. BURKE.

NOTICE

Request having been made of the State Highway Commission to establish State Highway Route No. 10, from Appomattox Court House to Lynchburg, in the Counties of Appomattox and Campbell.

The State Highway Commission hereby gives notice that they will meet at 10 o'clock on the 22nd day of May, 1923 in the Directors' Room at the Chamber of Commerce, Lynchburg, Virginia, and give a public hearing to all interested in the establishment of said Route between the points designated by law, and such other testimony as may be pertinent thereto, all as required by Section 5, Chapter 403, Acts of 1922.

H. G. SHIRLEY, Chairman.
W. H. MASSIE, Secretary.
H. B. SPROUL,
R. K. SANDERS,
I. WALKE TRUXTUN,
State Highway Commission.

Richmond, Virginia.

For Supervisor

To the Voters of South-Side District:

In response to a petition signed by more than one hundred voters of South-Side District, asking me to announce my candidacy for the office of Supervisor of said District, and pledging their support to me for said office, I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Supervisor for South-Side District, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary to be held in August, 1923.

Soliciting your votes and further co-operation, I am

Yours for better roads,
D. N. TWYMAN.

4-19-4t

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Nothing that you can do to your Barns, Silos and other Buildings will improve their looks and the general looks of your place as much as Paint.

We carry a complete line of house and silo paint which we know is good and priced right.

We also have Brushes for every purpose.

Don't forget we carry all kinds of Lumber and building materials.

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"Building Material People"

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Splendid! PURE As economical Mothers request it Fine! certain results

The ingredients are approved by the pure food authorities—and the results are approved by housewives and their hungry families

For 32 years "Good Luck" Baking Powder has put good luck in baking.

Its purity—its high leavening strength and the certain results which reward its use have placed "Good Luck" in the pantries of homes where good baking is the rule rather than the exception.

Use only one teaspoonful of "Good Luck" It has greater leavening strength. Less money—buys a larger quantity.

5c, 10c and 25c cans—and 35c pails at your grocer's.

THE SOUTHERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

GOOD LUCK BAKING POWDER

Quick Service Best Food

VIRGINIAN HOTEL COFFEE SHOP

Lynchburg, Va.

Shoppers Headquarters Moderate Rates

PAINTED A "RARE WHISTLER"

French Artist Later Finds His Work Priced at 100,000 Francs—Much Litigation in Prospect.

A still life painting ascribed to Whistler and priced at 100,000 francs has been declared by the courts to be in reality the work of a French painter, Stassy. Stassy, The Frenchman is said to have painted it eighteen years ago in one day on a bet; he then sold it for eighty francs and next saw it as a famous picture with Whistler's name in the corner.

It was the reproduction of the picture in a book on Whistler, in which it was learedly commented upon as revealing Whistler's peculiar genius, that brought about the expose. M. Stassy and a fellow painter named Bebin, it was shown in court, painted the same group of flowers, a vase, a jug and a glass of wine on a wager, with two of their pretty models as judges.

Some time ago, when Bebin sold his copy, the dealer indignantly charged that it was merely a copy of Whistler's, and for proof showed him the photograph in the book. Bebin told Stassy of his experience and the latter searched until he found the picture, which had traveled at increasing prices from dealer to dealer.

Stassy filed suit to recover the picture and have the signature changed, and asked for damages. Experts supported his contention, and the court now has upheld it to the extent of ordering Stassy's signature to replace that of Whistler.

The dealer who last bought the picture, paying for it 100,000 francs, says he will seek redress from the dealer who sold it to him, and continuous litigation on down the line may resultingNew York Tribune.

PREFER THE YELLOW PEARL

Oriental Peoples Consider the Colored Gem Superior to the White in Many Respects.

Most persons have placed the lustrous white pearl above all others. The Chinese, however, together with other eastern peoples, prefer the yellow pearl, believing that it preserves both luster and color longer than the white.

This pearl is said to owe its yellow to the fact that the oysters have been allowed to die and putrefy in their shells, the shells opening of themselves on the death of the oyster.

This custom has been ascribed to the fact that the pearl generally lies close to the edge of the shell, and it is feared that many fine pearls would be spoiled if the oyster should open the shell with a knife were practiced.

Black pearls are very much valued. The famous necklace of black pearls belonging to the late Empress Eugenie was sold for $25,000.

Pink pearls are much desired among the Buddhists, who employ them profusely in the adorning of their temples. The inhabitants of Chiapas are said to place a pink pearl in the mouth of a dead relative or friend before cremation of the body.

Male Deer Shed Horns Each Year.

All male deer, known as stags, bucks or harts, have solid, branching horns, or antlers, which they shed each year. Excepting reindeer, female deer, also called hinds or does, do not bear antlers, nor do the young, which are known as fawns. Antlers are outgrowths from bone and are at first very sensitive, being covered with flesh and velvety skin. When the antlers are fully developed the skin dries and is removed by rubbing against trees, leaving bare bones.

Pleasure in Store.

Having been served with a wedge of some yellow substance, the husband poked at it cautiously with his fork, and finally turned it over heavily on his plate, asking:

"What is this?"

"Pound cake. What of it?" the wife replied.

"Nothing," said the husband. "I thought my section weighed more than a pound. What are you going to make next?"

"Marble cake," said the wife dauntily.

In a Manner of Speaking.

The Brown lived in a third-story apartment. Mr. Brown, coming home one evening, found his better half in an excited frame of mind. She hastened to tell him of an experience she had just had.

Smelling smoke in a room off the light court, she thought the building was on fire, and proceeded: "I tore down the front stairs, and found everything all right there; then I tore down the back stairs, and found no sign of fire there."

Here Mr. B. interrupted long enough to inquire: "If you tore down both the front stairs and the back stairs, how in the world did you get back up here?"

Brown got no dinner that evening.

Supposed to Be Funny.

Billins is fond of riddles. Here is the latest infliction he is trying on his friends:

"It was done when it was begun; it was done when it was half done, and yet it wasn't done when it was finished. Now, what was it?"

Of course his friends could not guess. Whereupon Billins explains.

"Timothy Johnstone courts Susannah Dunn. It was Dunn when it was begun; it was Dunn when it was half done, and yet it wasn't Dunn when it was done—for it was Johnstone."

Seek Virtue.

There is one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointment, since he who persevere makes every difficulty an advancement, every course a victory, and this is the pursuit of virtue.—Exchange.

Fox's Keen Scent.

A fox can scent a man a quarter of a mile away.

EDITOR HAS MANY TROUBLES

Among Them Is the Necessity of Living Up to Reputation for Limitless Knowledge.

The troubles of an editor in a small town are many. Besides the difficulty inherent in making up his paper satisfactorily, he often has to live up to a reputation for limitless knowledge. For many persons he is an oracle, and the column headed "Stories and Queries," or something similar, is his mouthpiece. A western paper received a communication bearing pertinently on this matter. It ran as follows:

"Dear Editor: Will you kindly inform me by return mail what number of seeds are contained in a 7lb to 7lb pound pumpkin, as I wish to settle an argument."

A parallel to this request lies in an unhappy experience of an editor who one morning received two letters from subscribers. The first, an anxious father, wrote to find out the best way to hatch up his twin babies in health and happiness, while the other, a farmer, wanted to know the quickest method of getting rid of grasshoppers.

The editor hesitated; then out of the fullness of his knowledge, he wrote two letters in reply. But in the haste of business he put the letters into the wrong envelopes.

The next morning the father of the twins received this interesting answer:

"Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to it. After jumping in the flames a few moments the baby boys will speedily be done for."

While the man who was troubled with grasshoppers was bidden to "Give castor-oil regularly in moderate doses and rub their gums with a horse."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

LOCATED THE GUILTY PARTY

Irate Passenger Discovered Why Pullman Porter Was Unable to Hear Sleep Disturber.

"The Panama Limited was speeding on its way and most of the passengers were peacefully slumbering. Suddenly above the click of the rails rose the sonorous sound of a prolonged snore.

Occupant of berth No. 8 moved restlessly.

The snore seemed to generate volume as it continued.

There was an impatient move in berth No. 6, and a bell buzzed angrily. From the rear a porter hurried to berth No. 8.

An irate masculine voice exclaimed: "Porter, tell that snoring person to shut up. I can't sleep with all that racket."

The porter listened respectfully.

"I don't hear no snoring, boss, but I'll listen."

The porter retired to the rear of the car. After a few moments of silence, again there rose that resonant snore, more voluminous more defiant, more prolonged.

Passenger in berth No. 8 trembled with indignant rage. Hastily donning his dressing gown, he rose and cheerfully crept down the aisle, determined to locate the midnight disturber. He quickened his pace and confronted the porter seated on a camp stool, mouth agape, contentedly snoring.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Lucky Gold Strikes.

A Sonora (Calif.) man, taking an early stroll one Sunday morning, accidentally stubbed his toe with great violence against a large stone. In his wrath and pain he was apostrophizing the stone in language not at all appropriate to the Sabbath, when he noticed on the spot bruised by the impact of his boot the familiar and ever-welcome gleam of yellow. His flow of profanity came to an abrupt stop. He picked up the stone and carried it home effectionately in his arms. It brought him several thousand dollars.

Another Sonora man, driving a mule cart along the principal street on the town one morning after a rainstorm, saw the good fortune of a passerby standing near the window. Beyond was a bare square. Though a hole in the window-glass came a cool breeze, and on it breathed a sound that struck coarsely upon her ear—a discordant mingling of laughter and shout, and the tramp of hoofs to the hard music of a phonograph.

"Western revelry," mused Miss Hammond, as she left the window. "Now, what to do? I'll wait here. Perhaps the station agent will return soon, or Alfred will come for me."

As she sat down to wait she reviewed the causes which accounted for the remarkable situation in which she found herself. That Madeline Hammond should be alone, at a late hour, in a dingy little western railroad station, was indeed extraordinary.

The close of her debutante year had been marred by the only unhappy experience of her life—the disgrace of her brother and his leaving home. She dated the beginning of a certain thoughtful habit of mind from that time, and a dissatisfaction with the brilliant life society offered her.

There had been months of unreal, of curiously painful wonderment that her parents, her wealth, her popularity no longer sufficed. She believed she had lived through the dreams and fancies of a girl to become a woman of the world. 'And she had gone on as before, a part of the glittering show, but no longer blind to the truth—that there was nothing in her luxurious life to make it significant. And at last she knew what she needed—to be alone, to brood for hours, to gaze out on lonely, silent, darkening stretches, to watch

Old Age Records.

The French Medical Record says Miss Frison, born in 1820, sold at 96 a small property for an annuity of $460, which she enjoyed for 42 years. A surgeon named Pollman died at 140 and was buried in 1825.

Sound Flies Swiftly.

Sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet a second.

Makes Its Way Somehow.

The Carolina cull or sora has small wings and flies reluctantly and with great awkwardness, yet in its migration this bird easily crosses the waters of the Caribbean sea.

Might Be.

Little Bobby was watching his aunt comb her hair. Seeing her take her switch to brush it out, he looked up in surprise and said: "Oh, Auntie, is your hair hooks?"

Fame comes to a few who earn it and to many who would like to lose it.

Full dinner pail is a fine thing to have, but a full stomach is a heap more satisfying.

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TRY THE DRUG STORE FIRST
Mail orders given prompt attention
CHAS. F. JAMES
Druggist
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This agency has one of the rarest opportunities ever offered in this community.
It will require a small amount of cash down to swing the deal, with time for the balance.
If you want to make a real estate killing, and have the necessary amount of cash, come in and ask for full details.
I have several houses and farms for rent or sale.

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New styles advancing every day.
Why not buy from us and save money?

W. E. LEE & COMPANY
THE POPULAR PRICE STORE

STILL LOWER PRICES FOR FEBRUARY

$3.50 Girls Shoes, 12 to 2	$1.95
$3.00 Children's Sunday Shoe 8 1-2 to 11	1.45
$2.00 Baby's Shoe, 5 to 8	1.19
U. S. Hob Nail Shoes	2.75
$5.00 Men's Dress Shoe, good styles	2.95
$5.50 and up Men's Dress Shoe	3.95
$7.85 Young Men's Style Shoes	4.95
$5.50 Ladies' Tan Boots, rubber heels	3.45
$5.00 and $6.00 Ladies' Tan Shoes for Spring	3.95
If you suffer with your feet ask to see our line of comfort shoes for	2.95

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It will be a nifty suit, whether in the extreme of style or modest and retiring
It will give you the greatest amount of service that you can possibly get for the money.
It will hold its shape, and not become dowdy as many suits do.
It will give you that "well dressed" feeling, regardless of the low price that you pay.

$7.50 AND UP

We Can Save You Money. Give Us a Trial

H. M. BURGE

Reflected Energy.

W. W. Coblenz and C. O. Lampland have made a number of measurements of the ratio of reflected energy to the energy re-radiated after being absorbed. This latter energy is of much longer wave-length than the former and is entirely absorbed by placing a thin cell of water in the path of the light from the planet. The measurements were made by means of a delicate thermocouple capable of detecting the heat from a tallow candle at a distance of many miles. The ratio of the measurements, made with and without the water cell is called the water cell transmission and denotes the ratio of the reflected energy to the whole.

When Flag Should Be Flown.

The flag should be flown on Lincoln's birthday, February 12; Washington's birthday, February 22; Mother's day, second Sunday in May; Memorial day, May 30; Flag day, June 14; Independence day, July 4; Armistice day, November 11, and also on many local patriotic anniversaries. On these days the flag should be hoisted at full mast, except on Memorial day, when it should be at half-mast until noon, then raised to the top of the staff, where it remains until sunset. Before raising the flag at half-mast, it must be hoisted to the top of the pole or staff and then lowered to half-mast.

Improved Welding Process.

A new copper process for welding steel to weld together iron and steel parts. The copper penetrates into the fine pores of the iron and forms a firm weld.

Of Detour.

From an Oregon motor guide—"Miles 51.2—Joe's Bluff. Don't call it. Drive slow."—Boston Transcript.

Zane Grey.

If there were no movies with their cap, ade scenes to picture the stirring side of western life, there were no other means of bringing romance and thrill into the West, past and present. Romance and thrill are the essence of western history—history as lasting as Chemite, even if unwritten. The movies appealing because they have chosen to grant its incidents a place in the film. While they enlarge upon the phases of a life that reverted to the anger he still felt for his wayward son, and he had forbidden Madeline to go. Her mother forgot her haughty poise and dignity. Madeline stood her ground, even in remembrance then that she was twenty-four and her mistress. In the end she had prevailed.

Madeline had planned to arrive in El Cajon on October 4, her brother's birthday, and she had succeeded, though her arrival occurred at the twenty-fourth hour. Her train had been several hours late. Whether or not the message had reached Alfred's hands she had no means of telling, and the thing which concerned her now was the fact that she had arrived and he was not there to meet her.

As Madeline sat waiting in the yellow glooms she heard the faint, intermittent click of the telegraph instrument, the hum of wires, the occasional stamp of an iron-shod hoof, and a distant vacant laugh rising above the sounds of the dance. She became

She Became Conscious of a Slight Quickening of Her Pulse.

conscious of a slight quickening of her pulse. Madeline had only a limited knowledge of the West. Like all of her class, she had traveled Europe and had neglected America. She had been astounded at the interminable distance she had traveled, and if there had been anything attractive to look at in all that journey she had passed it in the night.

A faint sound like the rattling of thin chains diverted Madeline's attention. At first she imagined it was made by the telegraph wires. Then she heard a step. The door swung wide; a tall man entered, and with him came the clinking rattle. She realized then that the sound came from his spurs.

"Will you please directme to a hotel?" asked Madeline, rising.

The cowboy removed his sombrero, and the sweep he made with it and the accompanying bow, despite their exaggeration, had a kind of rude grace. He took two long strides toward her.

"Lady, are you married?"

In the past Miss Hammond's sense of humor had often helped her to overlook critical exactitudes natural to her breeding. She kept silence, and she imagined it was just as well that her well bred face at the moment. She had been prepared to find cowboys rather striking, and she had been warned not to laugh at them.

This gentleman of the range deliberately reached down and took up her left hand. Before she recovered from her start of amaze he had stripped off her glove.

"This spark, but no wedding ring," he drawled. "Lady, I'm glad to see you're not married."

He released her hand and returned the glove.

"You see, the only hotel in this here town is against boarding married women. Bad business for hotels to have married women. Keeps the boys away. You see, this's just Reno."

Then he bowed rather boyishly, and from that, and the way he shouted on his sombrero, Madeline realized he was half drunk. As she instinctively recoiled she not only gave him a keener glance, but stepped into a position where a better light shone on his face. It was like red bronze, bold, raw, sharp. Like that of all women whose beauty had charmed and brought them much before the world, Miss Hammond's intuition had been developed until she had a delicate and exquisitely sensitive perception of the nature of men and of her effect upon them. This crude cowboy, under the influence of drink, had aroused her; perversity stood just as was in his mind, he meant no insult. "I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will show me to the hotel," she said.

"Lady, you wait here," he replied, slowly, as if his thought did not come swiftly. "I'll go fetch the porter."

She thanked him, and as he went out, closing the door, she sat down in consideration of the event. It occurred to her that she should have mentioned her brother's name. Then she fell to wondering what living with such uncouth cowboys had done to Alfred. She shuddered. Her family had ever believed in my latent good in Alfred Hammond, and her faith had seemed survived the two years of silence.

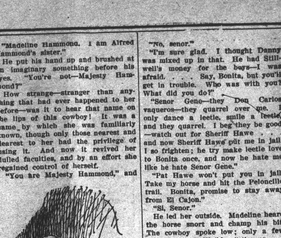
Waiting there, she again found herself listening to the moan of the wind through the wires. Then Madeline heard a rapid pattering, low at first and growing louder, which presently she recognized as the galloping of horses. She went to the window, thinking, hoping her brother had arrived. But as she stood there listening to a roar, shadows sped by—lean horses, flying manes and tails, semi-breeched riders, all strange and wild in her sight. Recalling what the cowboy had said, she verse at some gains to quell her uneasiness. Then out of the gloom two figures appeared, one tall, the other slight. The cowboy entered, pulling a disheveled figure—that of a priest, a padre, whose mantle had manifestly been disarranged by the rude grasp of his captor. Plain it was that the padre was extremely terrified.

Madeline Hammond gazed in bewilderment at the little man, so pale and shaken, and a protest trembled upon her lips; but it was never uttered, for this half-drunken cowboy now appeared to be a cool, grim, smiling devil; and stretching out a long arm, he grasped her and swung her back to the bench.

"You stay there!" he ordered.

His voice, though neither brutal nor harsh nor cruel, had the unaccountable effect of making her feel power less to move. No man had ever before addressed her in such a tone. It was the woman in her that obeyed—not the personality of proud Madeline Hammond.

The padre lifted his clasped hands as if supplicating for his life, and began to speak hurriedly in Spanish. Madeline did not understand the language. The cowboy pulled out a huge gun and brandished it in the priest's face. Then he turned it apparently to point it at the priest's feet. There was a red flash, and then a thunderous report that stunned Madeline. The



She Fought, She Struggled Desperately.

this time he affirmed wonderingly rather than questioned.

Madeline rose and faced him.

"Yes, I am."

He slammed his gun back into its holster.

"Well, I reckon we won't go on with it, then."

"With what, sir? And why did you force me to say Si to this priest?"

"I reckon that was a way I took to show him you'd be willing to get married."

"Oh! . . . You—you! . . ." Words failed her.

This appeared to galvanize the cowboy into action. He grasped the padre and led him toward the door, cursing and threatening, no doubt enjoying secrecy. Then he pushed him across the threshold and stood there breathing hard and wrestling with himself.

"Here—wait—wait a minute, Miss Hammond," he said, huskily. "You could fall into worse company than mine—though I reckon you sure think not. I'm pretty drunk, but I'm—all right otherwise. Just wait—a minute."

She stood quivering and blazing with wrath, and watched this savage fight his drunkenness. Madeline saw the dark, wavy hair fall from his brows as he held it up to the cool wind.

The cowboy turned and began to talk.

"You see—I was pretty drunk," he labored. "There was a fiesta—and a wedding. I do not think when I'm drunk. I made a fool bet I'd marry the first girl who came to town. . . . If you hadn't seen that vel—the fellows were jeering me—and Ed Linton was getting married—and everybody always wants to gamble. . . . I must have been pretty drunk."

"Explanations are not necessary," she interrupted. "I am very tired—distressed. The hour is late. Have you the slightest idea what it means to be a gentleman?"

His browned face burned a flaming crimson.

"Is my brother here—in town tonight?" Madeline went on.

"No. He's at his ranch."

"But I wired him."

"Like as not the message is over in his box at the P. O. He'll be in town tomorrow. He's shipping cattle for Bill Swift."

"Meanwhile I must go to a hotel. Will you please—"

If he heard her last words he showed no evidence of it. A noise outside had attracted his attention. Madeline listened. Low voices of men, the softer liquid tones of a woman, drifted in through the open door. They spoke in Spanish, and the voices grew louder. Then the woman's voice, hurried and broken, rising higher, was eloquent of vain appeal. The cowboy's demeanor startled Madeline into anticipation of something dreadful. She was not deceived. From outside came the sound of a scuffle—a muffled shot, a groan, the thud of a falling body, a woman's low cry, and footfeps padding away in rapid retreat.

Madeline Hammond leaned weakly back in her seat, pale and sick, and for a moment her ears throbbed to the tramp of the dancers across the world and the rhythm of the cheap music. Then into the open door-place flashed a girl's tragic face, lighted by dark eyes and framed by dusky hair. The girl reached a slim brown hand toward the side of the door and held on as if to support herself.

"Senor—Senor!" she mouthed; and breathless glad recognition made a molten bread in her voice.

"Bonita!" The cowboy leaped to her. "Girl! Are you hurt?"

"No, senor."

He took hold of her. "I heard—somebody got shot. Was it Danny?"

"No, senor."

"Did Danny do the shooting? Tell—out!"

"No, senor."

"You were glad. I thought Danny was mixed up in that. He had Stillwell's money for the horse—I was afraid. . . . Say, Bonita, but you'll get in trouble. Who was with you? What did you do?"

"Senor Gene—they Don Carlos rapscoundrels geared over me. I only dance a leetle, smile a leetle, and they quarrel. I beg they be good—watch out for Sheriff Hawe . . . and now Sheriff Hawe git me in jail. I so frighten; he try make leetle love to Bonita once, and now he hate me. this he hate Senor Gene."

"Pat Hawe won't put you in jail. Take my horse and hit the Potrillo trail. Bonita, promise to stay away from El Cajon."

"Si, Senor."

He led her outside. Madeline heard the horse snort and champ his bit. The cowboy spoke low; only a few words were intelligible—"stirrups . . . wait . . . . . out of town . . . mountain . . . trail . . . now ride!"

A moment's silence ensued, and was broken by a pounding of hoofs, a puffing of gravel. Then Madeline saw a big, dark horse run into the wide space. She caught a glimpse of white sweept scarf and hair, a little form low, down in the saddle. The horse was outlined in black against the line of dim lights. There was something wild and splendid in his flight.

Directly the cowboy appeared again in the doorway.

"Miss Hammond, I reckon we want to rustle out of here. Been bad goings-on. . . . Sorry you saw it, Senor."

She hurried into the open air, not daring to look back or to either side. Her guide strode swiftly. She had almost to run to keep up with him.

Suddenly aware that she had been led beyond the line of houses, she spoke:

"Where are you taking me?"

"To Florence Kingsley," he replied.

"Who is she?"

"I reckon she's your brother's best friend out here."

Madeline kept pace with the cowboy for a few moments longer, and then she stopped. It was as much from necessity to catch her breath as it was from recurring fear. The cowboy, missing her, came back the few intervening steps. Then he waited, still silent, looming beside her.

"It's so dark, so lonely," she faltered. "How do I know . . . what warrant can you give me that you—that no harm will befall me if I go farther?"

"None, Miss Hammond, except that I've seen your face."

CHAPTER II

A Secret Kept.

Because of that singular reply Madeline found faith to go farther with the cowboy. But at the moment she really did not think about what he had said. Any answer to her would have served if it had been kind.

As she waited on into the windy darkness, much relieved that he had answered as he had, reflecting that he had yet to prove his words true, she began to grasp the deeper significance of them. There was a revival of pride that made her feel that she ought to scorn to think at all about such a man.

Presently Madeline's guide turned off the walk and rapped at a door of a low-roofed house.

"Hullo—who's there?" a deep voice answered.

"Gene Stewart," said the cowboy. "Call Florence—quick!"

Thump of footsteps followed, a tap on a door, and voices. Madeline heard a woman exclaim: "Gene! here when there's a dance in town! Something wrong out on the range." A light flared up and shone bright through a window. In another moment there came a patter of soft steps, and the door opened to disclose a woman holding a lamp.

"Gene! Al's no—"

"Al is all right," interrupted the cowboy.

Madeline had two sensations then—one of wonder at the note of alarm and love in the woman's voice, and the other of unutterable relief to be safe with a friend of her brother's.

"It's Al's sister—came on tonight's train," the cowboy was saying. "I happened to be at the station, and I've fetched her up to you."

Madeline came forward out of the shadow.

"Not—not really Majesty Hammond!" exclaimed Florence Kingsley. She nearly dropped the lamp, and she looked, astonished beyond belief.

"Yes, I am really she," replied Madeline. "My train was late and for some reason Alfred did not meet me. Mr.—Mr. Stewart saw fit to bring me to you instead of taking me to a hotel."

"Oh, I'm so glad to meet you," replied Florence, warmly. "Do come in. I'm so surprised, I forget my manners. Why, you are white as a sheet. You must be tired. What a long wait you had at the station! If I had known you were coming! Indeed, you are very pale. Are you ill?"

"No. Only I am very tired. Travel is so far by rail is harder than I imagined. I did have rather a long wait after arriving at the station, but I can't say that it was lonely."

Florence Kingsley searched Madeline's face with keen eyes, and then took a long, significant look at the silent Stewart. With that she deliberately and quietly closed a door leading into another room.

"Miss Hammond, what has happened?" She had lowered her voice.

"I do not wish to recall all that has happened," replied Madeline. "I shall tell Alfred, however, that I would rather have met a bottle-fiend than a cowboy."

(Continued next Week)

Old Age Records.

The French Medical Record says Miss Frison, born in 1820, sold at 96 a small property for an annuity of $460, which she enjoyed for 42 years. A surgeon named Pollman died at 140 and was buried in 1825.

Sound Flies Swiftly.

Sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet a second.

Author Corrected.

"He said it with such an ach look," a story runs. Tut, tut! That adjective is all right when used to describe a girl's expression, but the only thing that gives a man an ach look is bow legs.

Not Discriminating.

It is a matter of indifference to a bee whether you laugh with him or at him.—S. Warren.

The Cannon-Ball Tree.

It is not generally known that the three-cornered nuts called Brazil nuts grow in clusters inclosed in shells nearly spherical in shape. There is another nut-bearing giant which goes under the name of the cannon-ball tree.

Supposed to Do Without Sleep.

Salmon, pike and goldfish are supposed never to sleep.

An Aged Bird.

Famous scientist announces that his experiments on chickens reveal the possibility of centenarian existence. The present commentator fancies he met with one of this gentleman's fowls in a downtown lunch room yesterday.—Chicago American.

Has Been Changed to Music.

The song of the bird was originally a cry of alarm.

Inventor of Automobile.

George B. Selden, of Rochester, N. Y., was the inventor of the first gasoline propelled vehicle. The modern automobile is a development of Selden's invention and the perfection of the gasoline motor.

Snail's Peaceful Way.

It would require 14 days to travel a mile at snail's pace.

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